

REVOLUTIONARY TEA

OR

Old Lady & Daughter

Song & Chorus

Music by

A. C. FARNHAM.



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# REVOLUTIONARY TEA

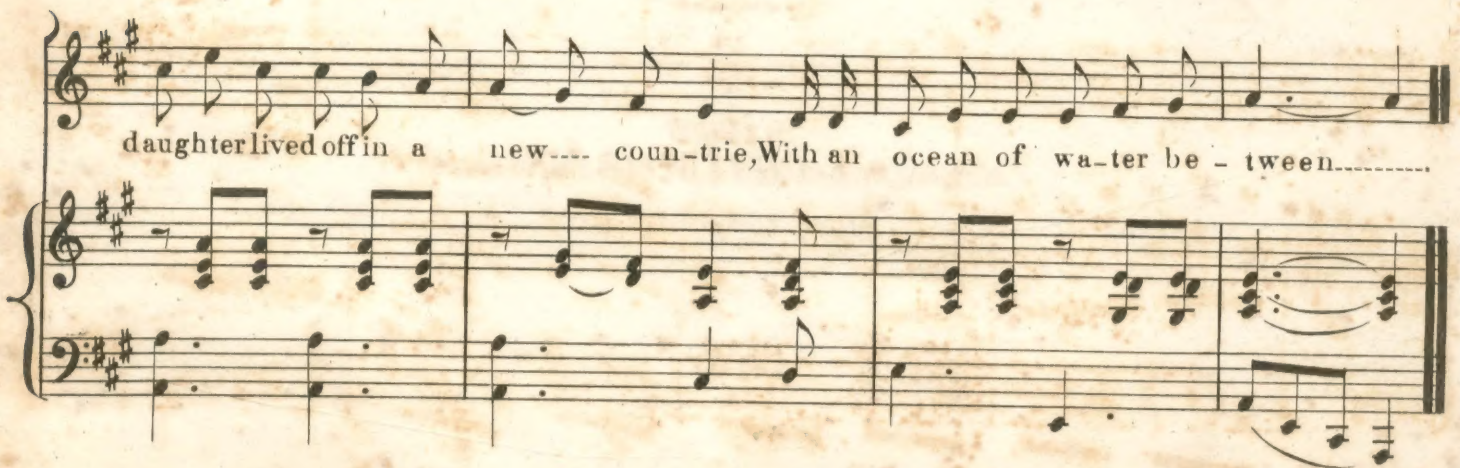
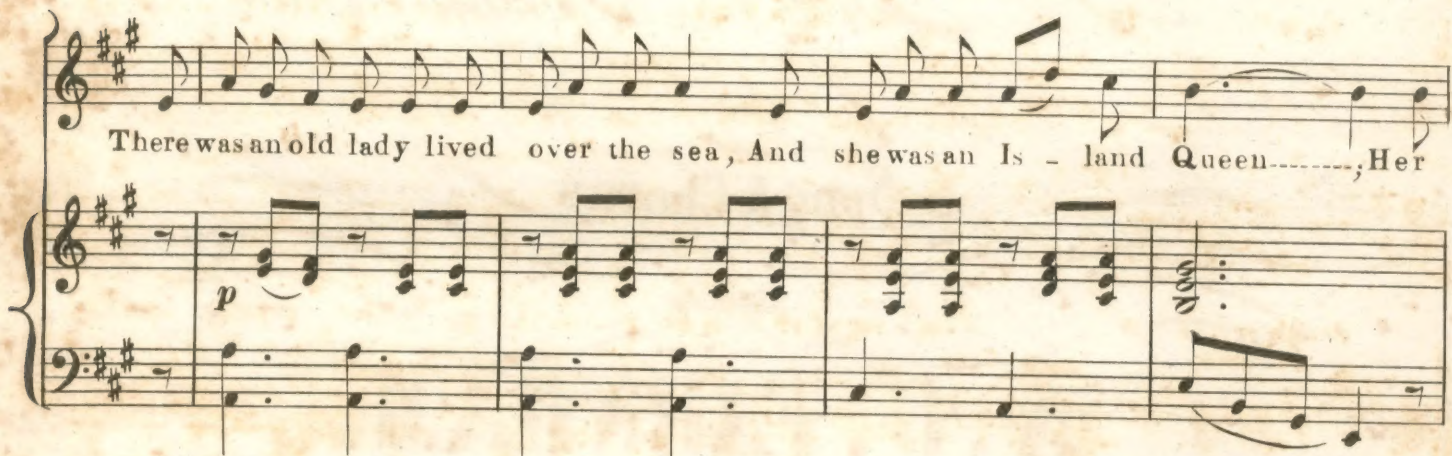
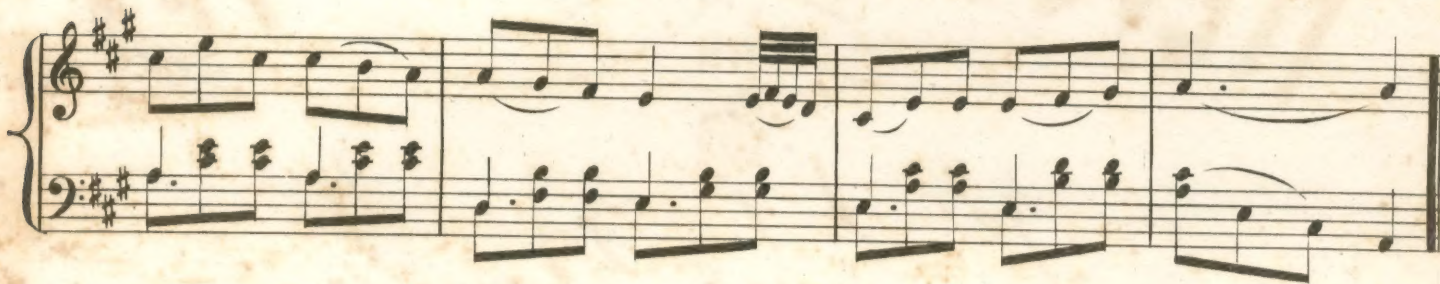
OR

OLD LADY AND DAUGHTER.

Composed by

A.C. Farnham.

ALLEGRETTO.





Bass. *8*  
 1. V. With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween., With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween...., Her

Tenor. *8*  
 1. V. With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween., With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween...., Her

Air. *8*  
 Alto. *8*  
 1. V. With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween., With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween...., Her

Piano *f*

daughter lived off in a new coun-trie, With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween.....

daughter lived off in a new coun-trie, With an o-cean of wa-ter be - tween.....

*mf*



## 2. Verse.

The old la-dy's pockets were full of gold, But never con-tented was she..... So she

*p*

D. S. Chorus. Of thrip-pence.

call'd to her daughter to pay her a tax Of thrip-pence a pound on her tea.....

## 3. Verse.

"Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied, "I shan't do the thing that you ax.....; I'm

*p*

D. S. Chorus. But never, etc.

willing to pay a fair price for the tea, But ne-ver the thrip-penny tax.....



4.V.



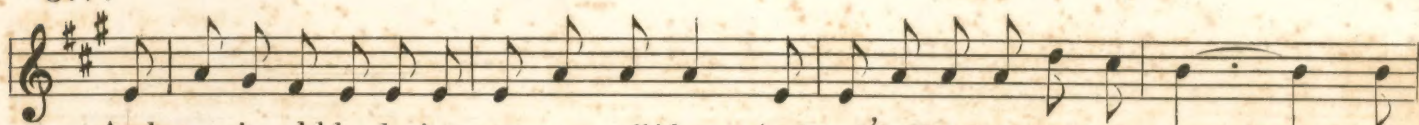
"You shall quoth the mother and redden'd with rage, You are my own daughter you see-----, And



sure 'tis quite pro-per the daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea-----."

D.S. Chorus.

5.V.



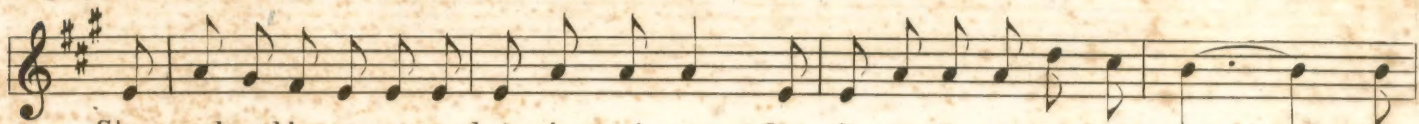
And so the old la-dy her ser-vants call'd up, And pack'd off a bud-get of tea-----, And



ea-ger for trip-pence a pound, she put in Enough for a large fa - - mi - lie-----.

D.S. Chorus.

6.V.



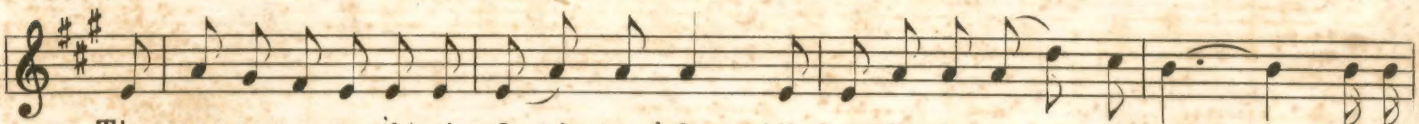
She order'd her servant to bring home the tax, De-claring her child should o - bey-----, Or,



old as she was and al-most wo-man grown, She'd half whip her life a - way-----.

D.S. Chorus.

7.V.



The tea was convey'd to the daugh - ter's door, All down by the o - - cean side-----, And the



bouncing young la-dy pour'd out ev-'ry pound In the dark and boil - ing tide-----.

D.S. Chorus.

8.V.



And then she call'd out to the is - land Queen, "O mother, dear mother" quoth she-----, Your



tea you can have when 'tis steeped e - nough, But ne-ver a tax----- from me-----.

D.S. Chorus.



